

TENTH YEAR.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH., SUNDAY MORNING, JULY 9, 1863.

NUMBER 3201.

## SAVED BY THE SIXTH

Splendid Work of the Gallant Corps on July 11, 1864.

## DAYS THAT TRIED MEN'S SOULS

How the National Capital Escaped From Falling Into the Hands of the Confederates.

Twenty-nine years ago Seventh street northwest in this city was a very unpretentious thoroughfare. The greater portion of the distance from the Potomac river to the northern boundary was unimproved and received no more attention than an ordinary country road. The houses on either side of the street were very few and far between. The soldiers marched in mud or dust and very frequently the heavy cannon wheels were hub deep in the mire, so that they could not be moved. Very little business was trans-



GEN. JUBAL A. EARLY.

sacted upon the street, and the few houses were one or two-story tumble-down frame shanties. The only substantial structures in the entire distance of three miles were the post office and the interior department buildings, which were then, as they are today, specimens of architecture which would do credit to any capital city of any country on the face of the earth. The old soldiers of the fighting Sixth corps of the Army of the Potomac who marched up that street on the night of the 11th of July, 1864, could not now recognize the thoroughfare. Today the cable cars go rushing along clanging their bells, and the street is lined with magnificent blocks of brick and stone business houses. The pavements are occupied by throngs of men and women passing to and fro, on business and pleasure bent.

Let us take a cable car and ride out to the boundary. It takes but a few minutes, and at the end of the cable line we find ourselves still apparently in the midst of a great city. In 1864 the "boundary" was so far away from the city proper that it was regarded as an imaginary line "away out in the country." In those days, on either side of Seventh street were corn-fields, orchards and pieces of heavily-timbered country.

Leaving the cable car at the boundary we can enter a palatial coach propelled by an overhead trolley wire carrying that marvelous and almost miraculous fluid, electricity. Entering this car we go over hills and far away out upon the heights north of the city, to a place which indicates the marvelous progress of the national capital more than anything else. Two miles from the boundary, upon the highest piece of ground in the District of Columbia, we find broad streets and avenues with asphalt paving and grandiose sidewalks which are not surpassed by any of the highways in the city proper. One hundred teams of horses and five hundred men are busy marking off new streets and avenues in conformity with, and as extensions of, the streets and avenues of the city as it was originally planned by the celebrated French engineer. If you did not know the spot, or if you were not reminded of the fact, it would be impossible to realize that upon this beautiful place was fought one of the decisive battles of the late civil war. Yet this locality was known during the war of the rebellion as Fort Stevens, one of the outposts of the defenses of the national capital. The earthworks of the fort extended for nearly a mile east and west upon the brow of this hill, and the siege and field guns were all in position to repel an assault from the north, although the garrison of the fort was very small.

At that time Grant and Lee were grappling before Richmond. The battles of the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, Cold Harbor and other historic engagements had been fought, and Grant was preparing, by a movement south on the Walden railroad, to invest Petersburg. At this time Gen. Lee prepared one of his celebrated flank movements which had theretofore always been successful in driving the Army of the Potomac back to the defenses of Washington. Gen. Jubal A. Early with a corps of Confederate soldiers had swung around to the rear of the Army of the Potomac and was threatening the national capital. Gen. Grant did not withdraw the Army of the Potomac from the defenses of Washington, but directed Gen. Wright to proceed to the defense of the national capital with the old fighting Sixth corps, and that order was immediately obeyed with creditable haste, zeal and discretion.

On the 10th day of July, 1864, Gen. Lee Wallace, with an inferior force, battled with Gen. Early at Monocacy, Md., and delayed the progress of the Confederate leader toward Washington. Gen. Wallace was ultimately crushed and Early came on with the avowed intention of capturing and despoiling the city. On the evening of the 11th of July the Confederate army under Gen. Early appeared before Fort Stevens and camped there for the night. All of the Confederate soldiers in the hospitals of Washington and all of the clerks in the departments who were able to bear arms were marched into the service and sent to the defense of Fort Stevens. The con-

federate general knew very well what a weak force he had to contend with, and it was his intention to sweep over Fort Stevens on the morning of the 12th of July, capture every one in the fort, and move on into the capital city with his victorious troops.

At midnight on the 11th of July the Sixth corps of the Army of the Potomac landed at the wharf on the Potomac and marched up along Seventh street road, over which the cable cars now go clanging, over the highway, beyond the boundary up to the heights where now the beautiful suburban village is located. Just before sunrise this splendid corps of veteran soldiers formed in line of battle behind the earthworks of Fort Stevens, and there the tired and weary soldiers fell down upon the ground into the sound slumber which it was so easy in those days for the veterans to take whenever they had a period of rest. For about two hours along these heights the soldiers slept, when they were aroused by the oncoming of the Confederate veterans who anticipated an easy victory over the convalescent soldiers and department clerks who were known to be defending the fort the night before. As they came forward upon their charge with a hurrah and a yell, they were surprised, amazed and awe-stricken to see the bronzed faces, dusty blue clothes, and the corps badges of the fighting Sixth corps arise, like apparitions, before them in the defense of that fort. There was perceptible wavering throughout the entire Confederate line. For a moment they halted. Then, knowing that they had met the same determined veterans before, and that proper relief in superior numbers had come in time from the Army of the Potomac, they stood not upon the order of their going but went to the rear at once, and the national capital was saved.

The battle was brief, and, as battles went in those days, it was a bloodless one. True there were killed and wounded men on both sides, but the number was so few, in comparison with the battles through which both armies



GEN. LEW WALLACE.

had recently passed, that it might well be called a bloodless battle. One month before, fifteen thousand Union soldiers had fallen inside of fifteen minutes before the earthworks of Cold Harbor. The casualties at Fort Stevens were not more than fifteen hundred on both sides. Although it may be called a mere skirmish, it was one of the most important engagements of the entire war, for the result was that the national capital was saved and Grant was enabled to continue his operations before Richmond.

By the battle of Monocacy, two days before Early appeared before Fort Stevens, it became known in Washington that a formidable force was approaching the city. A few prisoners captured revealed the fact that Gen. Early, one of Gen. Lee's ablest strategists, was in command of the raiders. The alarm was general throughout the city. Congress was in session; the president and his cabinet were in the city. The success of Gen. Early meant the capture, not only of the national capital, but of every member of every branch of the government. President Lincoln drove out to Fort Stevens in a carriage, and he was there when the Twenty-fifth New York cavalry marched upon the field and took up their position between Fort Stevens and Fort De Russy. This regiment had just been mounted at City Point, and had traveled all night in order to reach Washington in time. They arrived eight hours before the infantry men of the Sixth corps reached the field. The soldiers recognized the president as they marched past him, and they went into the fight shouting: "Hurrah for Lincoln!" Very shortly afterward the secretary of war, Mr. Stanton, drove furiously out there and took Lincoln off the field almost by main force. He told the president that if he did not go back into the city with him he would order a squad of soldiers to get him in an ambulance and compel him to go. The president entered Stanton's carriage, quietly remarking: "I thought I was commander in chief." Stanton's reply has not been recorded. From the well-known character of the man, however, it is fair to presume that he informed the president that while he was secretary of war he intended to have his own way; and he did, not only upon that occasion, but upon all occasions. The presence of Mr. Lincoln and the officers of the staff constituted a stimulus to the zeal of the Confederates to hasten their onslaught. They could have captured Washington that evening. It was too late on the twelfth.

SMITH D. FRY.

**Darwinism Data.**  
A singular illustration of the extent to which the natural habits of animals become modified by exceptional surroundings is given by Mr. Taggart, the well-known English naturalist. It appears that the rabbit in Australia has been forced by its environment to alter his European habits. The fore paws of some of the species have already become adapted for climbing trees in search of the food which they cannot find on the surface, and others have begun to litter on the bare ground. Another accomplishment illustrated of late years by the Antipodean rabbit is swimming. He swims very well and takes to water readily, either when pursued or during his migrations.

**Improving the Curvature.**  
Sitting (looking over display of wedding presents)—What a magnificent lot!  
He (who was rejected the night before)—Really, but that enough to make you change your mind?—Judge.

## TYPES OF THE EAST

Strange Scenes in the Streets of Persia's Capital.

## DERVISHES OF MANY KINDS

A Picture Whose Like Cannot Be Found Elsewhere. Importuning Peddlers by the Score.

Emerging from the cool shadows and the bustling life of the great central bazaar, street life in the Persian capital bursts upon you in all its novelty. The fierce rays of the sun blind your eyes for a moment and then, when you open them, the picture you see is like the ever-changing, many-hued figures



STREET VENDOR OF FIGS.

in a kaleidoscope. It flits before your dazzled optics and the rich color effects fairly confuse you for a time. The ear, too, is assailed from all sides. The cries are shrill and long-drawn.

"Andjisha taz-ah!" (fresh figs) shrieks a muscular fellow, the fig vendor, carrying on his head a huge dish full of this fruit, delicious when just ripe and plucked.

"Narenjha khono-ak!" (cool oranges) screams another, with a similar loud.

"Khlyarha razda-ah!" (ripe cucumbers) howls a third brassy vendor. The men selling ice, mulberries, candies, cakes, a sort of waffles, pipes, staffs, etc., all lift up their voices simultaneously, and thus they produce a babel of sounds, which is, to put it in a mild form, overpowering. And then they all join in the grand chorus: "Ah, ah! Khari! Khari!" (come, come; buy, buy!) Their mules and donkeys jostle and crowd each other, and the vendors themselves look so out of breath, so wild and savage and reckless as they would gladly undertake to cut any infidel's throat for five cents or less. But try them; they're perfectly harmless. The candy peddler does probably the most flourishing trade among the whole brotherhood, for orientals have, each and every one, "a sweet tooth." He drives an ass—a diminutive brute—with the help of his sturdy cudgel, and he deals resounding whacks to the poor beast, which does not accelerate his pace, however. On the back of the ass is a sort of structure, and on that balances a long oval tray.

This tray bears all the sweets the Persians are so fond of. Above all, there is "yakh-dar behisht" (literal, sweetness from Heaven), a paste made of sugared rice flour and strewn with pistachos. Then there is something which tastes very much like buttercream, and a variety of other candies, nearly all of them tasteful rather than insipid to a western palate.



NEGRO DERVISH AND COMPANION.

grander, who is just now riding home from an audience with the shah in the palace yonder, files past your vision in a stately, slow array. He himself astride one of those immensely tall Tarcoman horses, saddle, bridle and trappings ablaze with gold and precious stones, and his sharply contoured face, with the regular features, the swarthy skin and the eyes and hair of ink blackness, looks doubly impressive under his white turban. His retinue, to the number of four score and more, is also well mounted and richly clad. Horses and clothes, you know, are two articles on which the wealthy Persian spends incredible sums.

Here comes a band of closely veiled women. They are astride of donkeys, men fashion with the stirrups high up, and servants urge the donkeys which are of mouse-gray color and of the finest Bagdad breed, constantly into a canter trot, while the stately lord and master of this whole household follows in subsiding dignity on a richly caparisoned steed. There are dervishes, mullahs, scholars, officers, soldiers, and beggars—beggars in dozens, and they all just now make a rush for the high dignitary to enjoy his beauty.

"Oh, Abdallah! Abdallah! their shrill voices ring out, 'may the prophet and the blessed Ali confer joy and prosperity on thy path! Forget not the needy! Their prayers will bring thee luck, and let the splendor of thy eyes glance favorably on us miserable dust!'"

Thus the chorus whines, and the great man's steward smatters handful after handful of the small copper coins of the realm, known as shahes, among the scurvy crowd, and while they are scrambling for his bounty, falling over each other in the dust, the cavalcade marches on. Before a grift to a beggar and he heeds the most blood-curdling malediction at your head.

This little episode has been watched in serene bonitude by the shopkeepers and wandering traffickers whose stands and shops line one side of the street. The shops are all open, without even doors or windows obstructing the view, for in this glorious climate, where sunshine and balmy zephyrs rule uninterruptedly for eight months in the year, so such protection is needed. Well, the average size of these shops is about ten feet by eight, and within this narrow compass they manage to store their goods, do their work, their ablutions and oft-repeated prayers all open and above board, so to speak. We have here such tradesmen as pipemakers and makers (for the manufacture and sale of the Persian water-pipe, called ghalyan, a utensil in everybody's mouth, man and woman, is of great magnitude and importance), small restaurateurs, sherbet vendors, bowl and spoon makers, locksmiths, silversmiths, workers in brass and copper, grocers, shemakers, tailors, cooks, and pastry-men—all sorts of people who have no right or no money to keep a regular place in the neighboring bazaar.

It is curious to watch them at their work and note the primitive way of making their wares, and it is wonderful how cheap some of these goods are—well-made slippers for two keraus (thirty cents)—just the kind that would cost about two dollars and a half in America.

But we had better buy a bowl of sherbet and stroll on. Delicious stuff this sherbet, isn't it? The fruit flavor in it comes from Ispahan delicacies. They do excel in sherbets in Persia, no doubt. We cross the street and find ourselves under the shade of a row of magnificent tamar trees lining the avenue. The latter leads in a line,



PERSIAN SOLDIERS.

straight as the path of an arrow, to a beautiful large gate, admitting us into Artillery square, the finest in all Persia, twice the size of Madison square in New York. To the left of the broad avenue runs the high wall surrounding the conglomeration of royal palaces and pavilions. Such a wide thoroughfare is a great marvel in the east. Its like is only to be found in that large square in Constantinople where the ruins of the Byzantine emperors' hippodrome and the mosque of Sultan greet the astonished eye.

WOLF VON SCHERERBAUM.

**An Anecdote of Justice Fuller.**  
The chairman of the lecture committee in Oldtown, Me., told me that he once belonged to a debating club of which the chief justice, when a boy, was a member. One evening "Capital Punishment" was the subject debated. The deacon of the church and two clergymen were for hanging. Young Fuller was opposed.

Said the deacon, quoting from the Mosiac law: "Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man his blood shall be shed." Thinking this to be a bombshell to his opponents, he dwelt upon it until his time had expired, when the boy sprang to his feet and said:

"Supposing we take the law which the gentleman has quoted and see what the logical deduction would come to. For example, one man kills another; another man kills him, and so on until we come to the last man on earth. Who's going to kill him? He dare not commit suicide, for the same law forbids it. Now, deacon," continued the boy, "what are you going to do with the last man?" [Laughter.] The boy's logic called out rounds of applause and vanquished the deacon, and we hope he will be our chief justice for a thousand years.—N. Y. Advertiser.

**Public Punishment in Persia.**  
Among the Persians, the usual mode of punishment is the bastinado, from which men of the highest rank are not exempt. It is inflicted with very great severity, frequently so as to render the sufferer almost a cripple for life. The victim is thrown upon his face, a strong cord is passed through a loop of strong cord attached to a pole, which is raised horizontally by men, who, twisting it around, tighten the ropes and render the feet immovable. Two executioners then strike the soles alternately with switches of the pomegranate tree, well steeped in water to render them supple. A store of these switches is generally ready for use in the pond which adjoins the courtyards of the houses of the great. The punishment frequently lasts an hour, or until the unfortunate victim faints from pain.

**A Desirable Place.**  
"Would you rather go to the seashore or to the mountains this summer?" asked Andrew's mamma.  
"Well," said Andrew, slowly, "it would be awfully nice to find some place with mountains by the sea."—Harpur's Young People.

## NO DELAY NOR REST

Equal Suffragists Rejoice Over Their Victory

## IN SECURING THE FRANCHISE

World of Society and the More or Less Happy and Interesting Events of the Past Week.

On Wednesday afternoon the Political Equality club met to celebrate over the passage of the bill giving municipal suffrage to women. The meeting was held at the home of the state president, Mrs. Emily B. Ketcham, of No. 414 West Bridge street. The exercises were held under the large trees on the lawn. The grounds had been made to look festive by draping flags and by a profuse display of roses and other flowers. Mrs. Lovejoy's mandolin orchestra gave beautiful music. The motto of the organization, "Neither Delay nor Rest," was in a conspicuous place. Mrs. Ketcham, Dr. Andrus, Dr. Rutherford, Mrs. Josephine Ahnfelt Goss, Mrs. Pearson, Charles E. Belknap, Dwight Goss and E. G. Ketcham made congratulatory talks. Miss Odham of West Virginia gave statue posing and Miss Clara Buck recited. Mr. Belknap said that nothing since Lincoln emancipated the slaves was as potent for good as the right for women to vote at municipal elections, and he was sure that no woman would ever vote for a saloon to be licensed on a resident street. He looks with hopeful expectancy when the full suffrage should be given to women. Dr. Rutherford thought the women might manage to have a pure water supply in the city. She said she had listened to a demonstration by successful work in her profession that the women who were agitating the subject were just in their demands for suffrage. Mrs. Goss said that she was thankful for the agitation, as it had made her way easier, and that she had been able to enjoy a little cake with her bread and butter. She was glad that she had not been an old maid, but a glorified spinster, and instead of marrying for a home she married for love. Mrs. Ketcham reminded her guests that to the leaders in the cause, Susan B. Anthony, Lucy Stone and Isabelle Hooker a great debt was due. The following resolutions were read and adopted:

In consideration of the victory won, and from the gratitude of hearts that have waited long for justice, the women of the Political Equality club of Grand Rapids desire to present the following resolutions:

Resolved, That our sincerest thanks are due to all who have sympathized with us in this cause for human justice, remembering especially our state president, Mrs. Emily B. Ketcham, sister organizations throughout the state, the honorable members of the late legislature who upheld and voted for this municipal suffrage bill for women, and especially to the Hon. D. W. Hopkins who presented the bill to the senate, and to the Hon. H. W. Newkirk who placed it before the house, and to Governor Rich who signed the bill.

Resolved: That a copy of these resolutions be sent to Governor Rich, Senator Hopkins and Representative Newkirk.

The club will hold regular sessions after the first of September.

## MATRIMONIAL.

**Montgomery-Gray.**  
A. Hamilton Montgomery and Miss Loretta M. Oswald Gray were married at 11 o'clock yesterday morning by the Rev. Father Benning at the Episcopal residence on Sheldon street. The ceremony was private, only immediate friends and relatives being present.

**Powers-Ball.**  
In Oakland, California, Wednesday, July 5, Miss Kate Ball of Grand Rapids was married to J. F. Powers of Oakland, California. The newly married couple will make their home in Oakland.

**Field-Pretty.**  
Burt E. Field of No. 81 Central street and Miss Alice E. Pretty of Clay Park were married Thursday at the home of the bride.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Wood will, after a European wedding trip of indefinite length, return to Grand Rapids to live.

**Bontire Party.**  
A postponed Fourth of July jollification was held Friday night at the home of Miss Jessie Ewing, No. 103 North Col. avenue. A large bonfire was made in an adjacent vacant lot, around which the party sat and toasted marshmallows and told witticisms. Wheelbarrow races, teetotal and "hide and coop" were features of the entertainment. Some very striking flashlight pictures were taken. The names of those present were: Frank Barton, Harry Kirby, Clara Smith, Florence Kirby, Etta Barton, Orville Barton, Annie Sargeant, Arthur Sargeant, John Halcomb, Frank Talbot, Will Bowen, George Bohren, John Ward, Walter Miesch, Mr. and Mrs. David Aptel, Belle Chamberlain, Minnie White, Annie Ashley, Maggie Formby, Eliza Formby, George Keck, John Lynde, Hattie Lynde, Walter Lynde, Ella Jacoby, George Jacoby, Charles Elster, Hal Montgomery, Etta Oswald, Mr. and Mrs. Will Wampler, Eleanor Linsden, Rob. Irwin, Charles Hevey, Stella Davis, Walter Drew, Caroline Idema, Charles Garrison, Julia Barlow, John Whitworth, Dick Ewing and Jessie Schuler. Nearly the same party, with the addition of Miss George Kent and Will Kidder of Kalamazoo, went to the Grand Rapids Boat and Canoe club's house on the evening of the Fourth, where they had a party dance.

**Stenographers' Association.**  
The Universal Association of Stenographers was recently incorporated in New York City. Among the objects of association are: To unite all competent stenographers, to elevate and dignify the occupation and to aid, encourage and stimulate the attainment of professional excellence, and in acknowledgment thereof to issue certificates under the corporate seal of the association.

Members are required to give an examination which proves their competency. The examination requires speed in shorthand of 125 words per minute for ten consecutive minutes, ability to read the same back with accuracy and the production of a complete

# SPRING & COMPANY'S STORE

## THE MIDWAY PLAISANCE

There are a hundred reasons why our store may be designated as above. Passing along the broad aisles and on the several floors the products of all nations will greet the sightseer. Not the common and mediocre kinds, but the selected things, of which any of the countries that create them would be justly proud. Located at the junction of our two principal streets, passed by every car line in the city, near to all public buildings, it is naturally a convenient visiting place for strangers, and we modestly assert that our store, with its regiment of salespeople, is a veritable

## BUREAU OF INFORMATION

On all subjects relating to the great field of Dry Goods with its accessory lines and the fashions. If any store is cooler than another in hot weather it should be this, because the long aisles reach from street to street and the ventilation is unsurpassed. Strangers are always welcome to visit our store—not for shopping alone, but to see and to rest. Home people ditto. Perhaps the

## Wash Dress Goods

Department will interest you just now more than many others. The light zephyr goods almost create a breeze, so suggestive are they of coolness. The Gingham Dresses are leading all others. "You may cut me a dress pattern from this, one from that and another from that," is the way the trade is going, often three at a clip. And why not? The three cost just about what two would have come to earlier in the season.



HERE IS PROOF:  
All the Gingham now 10c  
All the Gingham now 10c  
125 Chamber Dress Patterns, with embroidery to match, worth \$2.75, for \$1.75

## THE LINEN STORE

Is one of the delightful sights just now. As the hot days and nights begin to follow each other, how naturally Linens come to mind. Think of snow banks, or anything fit and flaxen—here it is. It's one of our hobbies to have all the choice linen fabrics, for we love them—love to buy them and sell them to you at such modest prices. We glory in our ability to lead the west on linens.

TABLE LINENS,  
CRASHES AND TOWELS,  
LINEN LUNCH SETS,  
NAPKINS AND DOYLIES,  
BATH TOWELS,

At our own well-known low prices.

## From the steady demand for SHOPPING AND TRAVELING BAGS

And the greatly increased sales it would seem that our goods and our prices must be about right. Prospective visitors to the world's fair make a mental note of it.

An increase of almost one-half over same month last year tells a beautiful story for the excellence of our

## MEN'S FURNISHING GOODS



We are sole agents for the Wauchusett Shirt Co.'s goods, all made with patent inserted sleeves.

## IS MARRIAGE A FAILURE?

Not if you own one of those grand Demorest Sewing Machines for which we are the manufacturers' agents. Full set of attachments, the usual five year warrant, all the latest improvements, does the highest class of work, light running, none better. Costs you \$19.50 and freight from factory. You can get the same machine in fancier cases for a trifle more money.

## LADIES' DUCK SUITS.

Another fresh arrival of Ladies' Duck Suits in different shadings and figures. Special Reduction Sale on Cravettes this week. You must have one at the prices we shall quote. Tremendous cut on all Summer Capes and Jackets, in fact everything in our Cloak Department at greatly reduced prices.

SPRING & COMPANY.